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THE MASTERPIECES OF ENGLISH NARRATIVE VERSE.

It has long been a thought of mine that a collection should be made of the best specimens of English narrative verse, corresponding to the many anthologies of lyric and ballad poetry. To do this adequately would require that some of the crown jewels of English literature should be torn from their settings—that the epics and long poems should be dismembered. Sacrilege this, but perhaps the fragments would show to as much advantage in juxtaposition with rival pieces as they do in their present frameworks.

Lyric poetry we have always with us. It is so much the natural language of the human heart, so much the necessary instrument of personality, that one cannot imagine it ever becoming unfashionable or obsolescent. The drama, too, holds its own, partly by help of the stage and partly by its own inherent virtue, as the most concentrated form by which action can be presented. We cannot afford to neglect the drama of the past, though we may refuse to pay any attention to the plays of the present. But epic and narrative poetry have fallen upon evil days. They have suffered far more than the other two supreme forms of verse by the competition of the novel and the short story. Verse undoubtedly makes greater demands upon a reader than prose. To read a novel is as easy as to forget it. To read verse requires either an instinct or an education. But its stamp endures. It has form, where prose has merely force. It has architectural symmetry, sculpturesque outline, color, and music,—qualities which are only faintly present in prose. The vast increase of readers among the untrained and flabby-minded is responsible for the present occultation of poetry. They follow the line of least resistance, and read what gives them the least trouble. And some of our chief American prosemen, who ought to know better, take advantage of this condition and affect to speak superciliously of verse. They talk mysteriously of their "new art," of the "more subtle methods" of their prose, and relegate the eternal forms of literature to the garret as outworn lumber. The casual observer can see no new art in their books, only an art as old as commonplace has always been, and a method as obvious as mediocrity has always used. It is hard to convince one that a photographic album of an ordinary American family is a more valuable national possession than the Vatican or Uffizi galleries. It is not difficult to cut off seventeen yards of pump-water and call it a novel, or to string together vague phrases and solemn puffery and call it an essay. Even the really great prose works of

our language have not the form of adamant and soul of fire of the great poems. The best of our novels, if brought into competition with "Paradise Lost," would disappear like the serpents of the Magi before Aaron's animated rod. The best of our short stories would show like shadows beside the white enchantment of "Christabel" or the glowing splendor of "The Eve of St. Agnes."

A collection such as I suggest would have to begin with Chaucer. Langland's "Piers Plowman" is, for any practical purpose, not English; and Beowulf and the great Welsh and Irish legends and epics are not English at all. What poet better than Chaucer for the fore-front of such a book? The morning freshness, the spring vitality of his landscape, the lusty vigor and naturalness of his people, would open the collection with a thrill and tingle of life. The Prologue to the "Canterbury Tales" to show his humor and creative force, the "Knight's Tale," perhaps somewhat condensed, to show his romantic strain and the richness of his verse, and the "Prioress's Tale" to show his pathos, would be my selections.

English narrative verse leaps from Chaucer to Spenser, — from the realist with romance in his blood, to the idealist touched with the love of the flesh and the adornments thereof. Spenser's sensuousness, however, is at second-hand; it is the mirrored reflection of great galleries of pictures, rather than of the wide world itself. The opening canto of "The Faerie Queene," the canto describing the garden of Acrasia, and one dealing with Britomart, Spenser's most brilliant heroine, would be a fair representation.

The vast mass of Elizabethan verse would hardly yield more than one poem, Marlowe's "Hero and Leander." It is a translation, but it has all the merits of an original, and it glows like a clear star amid the fogs and clouds of Daniel, Drayton, and the other epic writers of the time. Shakespeare's two narrative pieces show the crescent might of the master's hand, but they are encumbered and tiresome and altogether unable to hold their own with the work of the real story-tellers.

Again there is a wide gap, until we come to Milton. I would choose the first four books of "Paradise Lost," and should think it no irreverence to the great poet to tear them from their place. In the rest of the work we are moving in a high region; but we are hardly conscious of the height, and we are conscious of many inequalities and dreary wastes. The first precipitous rising of the eternal peaks, the outlook over illimitable horizons, are lost to us. If nothing remained of the poem but the scenes in hell and the opening view of paradise, we would gaze in wonder on the unparalleled fragments and declare that the hand that wrought them was the mightiest in the history of literature.

Dryden's superb and manly genius hardly ever showed to greater advantage than in the Fables of his old age. Of these I should choose "Theodore

and Honoria" and "Cymon and Iphigenia." I do not see how we could do without the whole of Pope's "Rape of the Lock," a work so brilliant in design and execution, so airy in invention, and so studded with glittering lines and passages, that it is mere pedantry to refuse it homage as a poem. Artificial it is, of course; but it is Nature which makes that art, as Shakespeare assures us. Fops and bells, and powder-puffs and silver buckles, are all in the universal round.

The main force of eighteenth-century verse in England was diverted from the three primitive forms of poetry into satire, didactic and descriptive work. Great things were done in these, but not until the Romantic Revival came in sight did creative art in poetry again rear its head.

Aside from his songs, Burns is a satiric and didactic writer. Only his "Tam O'Shanter" could be gathered into our casket. Wordsworth in the main is didactic and descriptive, yet he would yield us at least three narrative pieces — "Michael," "Hart-Leap Well," and "Laodamia." Hazlitt gave his vote for two lines of the last-named piece as the best in the language. The whole poem is of solemn and ineffable beauty. Goethe's "Bride of Corinth," a piece far superior to Wordsworth's in dramatic effect and story-telling technique, is a mere fool to it in depth and compelling power.

Coleridge's "Christabel" and the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" are two pinnacles of pure art. In them the absolute, the perfect simplicity of word and cadence, is substituted for style, and the mysterious utterance of impassioned reverie for thought. Coleridge is the inspired bard, the true descendant of the Druids. I think there can be no doubt as to his original, though perhaps vague, plan for the completion of "Christabel." How could the child, the "limber elf" of the wonderful concluding lines, have got into the poem if he had no meaning?

Scott's poetry is a good deal better than it gets credit for being. It is not made out of the original elements, as the poetry of Chaucer and Burns is, — at least those elements are fused and distilled in an alchemist's retort, in the hope to get something finer than Nature. But the product is healthful and invigorating. One might take from him the first canto of the "Lay," the first canto of the "Lady of the Lake," and the last canto of "Marmion."

The great personality of Byron — a volcano which spouted fire and ashes over Europe, whose track can be traced to this day — required a personal form of expression. His greatest work is autobiographic or satiric. He did not take much interest in anybody but himself, and so was unfit for the drama or the epic. Yet "The Vision of Judgment," while it is satire, is also magnificent narrative. "The Prisoner of Chillon" has a sombre greatness, and the Haidée book of "Don Juan" is enchantingly beautiful.

The Northern Lights of Shelley's verse — thin, wavering, unsubstantial — did not concentrate into any solid epic creation. Probably his best narrative

work is the translation of the Homeric "Hymn to Hermes," where the Greek original kept him within measurable reach of reality. "Julian and Maddalo" has fine lines and passages, and a brooding depth of tone. "The Sensitive Plant" is characteristically and entirely Shelleyan.

The "Hyperion" of Keats seems to me the perfect model of English narrative verse. Greek where Milton is Asiatic, plastic where Coleridge is visionary, manly where Tennyson is feminine, he is, in mere manner, nearer than anyone else to the Ionian father of them all. His assimilative genius comes out in "Lamia," where, adopting Dryden's style, he far surpasses his master in originality of design and wealth of detail. "The Pot of Basil" is the most human of his poems, and "The Eve of St. Agnes" the most complete exhibition of all the resources of the poetic art. Never was the Muse more decked and adorned, or more irradiated with inward light.

Our book ought to contain something by Crabbe and by Moore, in the first case to show how far poetry can descend into prose — herd swine like the Prodigal Son — without forfeiting its birthright, and in the second case to show how it can put on tinsel and false gauds without losing its character for right virtue. One of Crabbe's "Tales of the Hall" would do; and, on the principle of taking a man's most characteristic piece in this kind, Moore's "Paradise and the Peri" might be a good selection. It is sweetly pretty anyhow. For various reasons, Blake, Campbell, Leigh Hunt, and Tom Hood hardly seem to yield anything to our purpose.

I should give a good part of Landor's "Gebir," whose Laconism is a thing by itself in our literature. And I should include the first half of Horne's "Orion," a poem which, though it echoes Milton and Keats, holds itself not unworthily on a level with their best, and which has, besides, a spiritual individuality of its own. Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" would complete this noble group of blank-verse poems.

A collection such as is suggested would, by bringing widely separated poems together, compel them to justify themselves. Each poet would be tried by a jury of his peers. The over-great reputation of Tennyson's narrative poetry would thus probably stand corrected. His sun would be shorn of some of its beams. "Maud," his best effort, I should say, in creative art, is hardly narrative, and could not be admitted. The "Morte D'Arthur," "Elaine," "Vivien," and "Guinevere" would have to be the selections.

Browning's magnificent "Childe Roland to the Dark Tower Came" and the delightful "Flight of the Duchess" would claim admittance. Browning's most characteristic form of art is the monologue. "The Ring and the Book" is a collection of monologues. This bastard form, which is neither drama nor narrative nor lyric, seems to me thoroughly unnatural. A soliloquy in a play is bad enough, but it is sometimes a matter of sheer necessity to a dramatist, and it is always remotely possible that

the soliloquist might talk aloud. But a soliloquy in plain air, with no compelling cause, seems folly's farthest flight in literature.

From Mrs. Browning one could take "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "The Rhymer of the Duchess May," and "Bertha in the Lane." There is unquestionably a touch of over-wrought sentiment in these poems, but they are the utterances of a noble mind, and, what is more to the purpose, they are delightfully readable and rememberable.

The question of admitting the ballad form of poetry might come up in Rossetti's case. The ballad, as I take it, is the *naïve* relation of an incident with no conscious effort of art. If this is so, Rossetti's poems are not true ballads at all, for they step forth in powder and plumes and war-paint and with all the paraphernalia of the artist's study. "Sister Helen," "Rose Mary," and "The King's Tragedy" would be good representations of his fine though somewhat elaborate poetry. William Morris is one of the most voluminous writers of narrative verse in the language. But the grey monotony of his poetry — its lack of saliency in phrase, picture, or character — keep it from preëminence. No greater critical mistake was ever made than the equalling of this builder of misty dreams in rhyme with the fresh, vivid, poignantly real Chaucer. But he deserves a niche in our book, and his "Atalanta" is probably as good a piece as could be chosen.

We are all apt to be a little cautious in suggesting our near neighbors for apotheosis. The American poetry of the past should furnish its quota to this collection, — but our literature has not extended itself much in the line of epic or narrative verse. Perhaps a good part of Longfellow's "Evangeline," Lowell's "Vision of Sir Launfal" — whose opening verses are the most exquisite movement he ever achieved — and Poe's "Raven" might be allowed to stand as our best specimens of this kind of poetry.

The foregoing poems, with perhaps a few others unintentionally omitted, could probably be comprised in two not over-thick pocket volumes. These would indeed contain "infinite riches in a little room." And their publication ought to be a factor in the coming and inevitable Revival of Poetry.

CHARLES LEONARD MOORE.

A REMARKABLE TRANSFORMATION OF A BOOK-TITLE was effected by the San Francisco fire — which wrought other transformations also. President Jordan's little book, "The Philosophy of Despair," destroyed (that is, the plates were destroyed) in the conflagration, now rises from the fiery furnace, transfigured and glorified, as "The Philosophy of Hope," a title which is thought to be "more cheerfully descriptive of the author's purpose." This, of course, is not the first time that real and apparently overwhelming disaster has proved itself the one thing needed to convert a fancied despair into a living hope. Probably the publishers had no intention to point a moral by this change of names, but to the person fond of moralizing — and who is not? — the moral is there, nevertheless.

CASUAL COMMENT.

THE JUBILEE NUMBER OF "THE ATLANTIC" contains a very interesting account, by Professor Charles Eliot Norton, of how the magazine was launched in the fall of 1857. An active existence of half a century is enough to make venerable any institution (for surely "The Atlantic" is an institution), and almost any man of parts, in this country. In Mr. Norton's case the activity has covered considerably more than fifty years, while his mere continued existence as an individual has now added him to the honorable roll of octogenarians. To be precise, the present issue of THE DIAL is dated upon Mr. Norton's eightieth birthday, which gives us a pretext for paying once more our tribute of respect to the fine intelligence which he has so effectively brought to bear upon so many problems of art and conduct, and to the ethical idealism which he has ever sought to translate into action in our public and private life. Although his professional interests have been those of the scholar, he has never lapsed into the indifference that scholarship often assumes as its prescriptive right, and his influence has made itself felt for good in many a great public cause. The moral strength of his inherited puritanism has blossomed into sweetness in the genial sunlight of modern liberal thought, and his life stands for us as an embodiment of those qualities which we cherish as characteristic of Americans in the best sense. A man is in no way better tested than by the friendships he makes, and no American of our time better meets this test. Longfellow and Emerson and Lowell and Curtis on this side of the Atlantic, Ruskin and Carlyle and FitzGerald and Leslie Stephen on the other, all bestowed upon him their intimacy, and enriched his life with their affectionate regard. And the esteem in which those men held him has been shared by countless others, unknown to fame, whose ideals he has helped to ennoble, and whose gratitude they would find it difficult to put into words.

THE LAND OF JUVENILE DELIGHTS is undoubtedly Fairyland. What particular nook or corner, or grove or glen, or hill or vale, has most attracted great men in their tender infancy, has been inquired into by an enterprising publishing house; and as a result of the investigation we now have — after a more than sufficient course in "books that have helped me" — something about "books that have enchanted me." A volume entitled "Favorite Fairy Tales: The childhood choice of Representative Men and Women" presents sixteen selected stories, the favorites of twenty judges of wide repute in the literary world. But there is no unanimity of choice: the highest number of votes cast for the same tale is five; "Cinderella" and "Jack the Giant-Killer" received each that number, while even such nursery favorites as "Little Red Riding Hood" and "Beauty and the Beast" had only a single champion apiece. More authoritative and valuable would be — if we could have it — the actual childhood choice, as uttered in childhood instead of in retrospect, of all these illustrious ladies and gentlemen, or perhaps even the childhood choice of the same number of bright boys and girls not yet illustrious. Would the six-year-old Henry James, for example, have made the same choice, and in the same words, as the sexagenarian Henry James? This is what he characteristically says about "Hop-o'-My-Thumb," which finds in him its single admirer among the twenty judges: "It is the vague memory of

this sense of him, as some small, precious object, like a lost gem or a rare and beautiful insect on which one might inadvertently tread, or might find under the sofa or behind the window cushion, that leads me to think of 'Hop-o'-My-Thumb' as my earliest and sweetest and most repeated capful at the fount of fiction."

HUMORS AND ODDITIES OF ADVERTISING are too novel, and often too amusing, to pass unnoticed in these days when advertising is cultivated as a fine art, and each advertiser seems determined to outdo his rivals in the invention of some extraordinary eye-attracting, attention-compelling, interest-awakening device in words or pictures or in both. Lady Betty Bulkeley, in that popular novel, "Lady Betty Across the Water," found the advertising pages not the least interesting part of American magazines; while more than one American visitor to England has discovered most amusing reading in the "want" columns of British newspapers. What a wealth of homely detail in the following: "The invalid widow of an army officer would like to exchange a talking parrot for a second-class railway ticket from London to Glasgow." Henry Kingsley, half a century ago, in one of his many confidential asides to the readers of "Ravenshoe," professed to be able at any time to banish care by reading — reading anything, even advertisements. In the "help-wanted" columns of a great city daily there has just appeared a gem of the literature of its kind. Let us quote: "I desire to secure the services of a woman — not the usual type of 'refined lady' who is constantly on the hunt for a job — but a masterful, dignified woman of character, common-sense, and good breeding, who is qualified by temperament and education to take charge of my twelve-year-old daughter. The religious convictions of applicants are of no concern to the advertiser, nor need applicants possess an academic or university degree, but their English must be sound — grammar perfect. I would not care to seriously consider engaging a woman who combined daisies and violets on her winter bonnet, or one who referred to crockery as 'porcelain,' or one whose elegant repose of manner is mere vacuity, or one who bids for sympathy by frequently recurring, in soreness of spirit, to her 'past reverses which are responsible for present anomalous and unfortunate circumstances,' or one who extorts reluctant gleams of pleasure only from melancholy pangs of grief, or one who befools her face with the incessant *acil de poudre*, or one who in manner may be likened unto a hurricane." Thus by the method of exclusions do we gain a more and more definite conception of the kind of woman desired; though the *acil de poudre* must remain a puzzler to masculinity.

THE INGENUITY OF THE ANTIQUARY has just been put to a sharp test in determining the proper house to be graced with a memorial tablet to Charles Lamb. Perplexing difficulties were encountered by those engaged in this search. It was commonly held that the house at 19 Colebrook Row had once been occupied by the Lambs, but a rather prosaic and disenchanting bit of evidence was brought forward to disprove this. Certain old sewer-rate books were disinterred and consulted, and thus it was demonstrated that no person by the name of Lamb had paid sewer rates in Colebrook Row within the period in question. So at last the right house was found at 64 Duncan Terrace, Islington, where the tablet has with proper formalities been set. This recalls the curious way in which, just fifty years ago, Mr. W. Moy

Thomas upset the accepted tradition — accepted by no less an authority than Peter Cunningham in his "Handbook of London" — that No. 4 Brooke Street was the house where Thomas Chatterton lodged after leaving Mr. Walmsley's in Shoreditch, and where he took that fatal dose of arsenic. It was a very neat piece of antiquarian research that corrected the error. Examining the poor-rate books for 1772, Mr. Thomas found the name of Frederick Angell (it was with one Mrs. Angell that Chatterton lodged) as one of the rate-payers in Brooke Street, where the houses were unnumbered. The exact place of this name in the list was noted, and it was surmised that the collector of rates would naturally have made his calls in order, going up one side of the street and down the other. Then, in Holden's Directory of 1802, two of these Brooke Street rate-payers' names were found: they were still alive and occupying houses at that time definitely numbered. After this it required but a little counting on the fingers, with the old list before one, to determine the exact position of the Angell house — which turned out to be (with hardly the shadow of a doubt) No. 39 instead of No. 4. One likes to imagine the successful hunter's satisfaction after thus cleverly attaining the object of his quest.

A BRITISH CONFESSION OF BRITISH INCOMPETENCE AND IGNORANCE is an uncommon but not an unpromising occurrence. That mouthpiece of all that is most determinedly and defiantly British, the London "Times," in speaking of the third volume of Sir George Trevelyan's "American Revolution," acknowledges that "it is not a story which can be very pleasant reading to an Englishman even now, and even with all Sir George Trevelyan's literary skill to help it. Whatever were the virtues of Washington, whatever the courage and endurance of those who fought under him and some of those who fought against him, it remains the melancholy truth that the governing factor of the situation, the thing which lost and won America, was nobody's genius and nobody's heroism, but the criminal ignorance of English statesmen and the slow incompetence of English generals." Of course the time is long past for declaiming against the "pestilent rebellion" of the American colonists, and no Englishman now thinks of refusing to dignify that colonial uprising with the name "revolution"; but a refreshing if belated candor is evinced in the above extract, in which, if scant credit is given to Washington and his compatriots, the grains of comfort for the British side are few and innutritious.

MEN AS PUBLIC-LIBRARY USERS are commonly held to be so greatly outnumbered by fiction-foolish women and children as to make but a pitiful showing for themselves. Some interesting statistics (perhaps the first of the kind ever compiled and made public) from the Pratt Institute Free Library of Brooklyn go far toward proving the general impression erroneous. The Pratt Library is a fair sample of the average public library, serving the wants of an average community. The month of March, one of the busiest in the library world, was chosen for a test. In that month 8934 persons came to the delivery room to draw or return books, and of these persons 55 per cent were found to be women and girls, and 45 per cent men and boys. The librarian adds: "As we know from observation that there are many more women and girls who come to get books for father, husband, or brother, than there are men and boys who come to get them for mother, wife, or sister, we conclude that there is very little difference in the

masculine and feminine use of the library, as far as numbers go. It is certain that as a rule the men read less fiction, and it is interesting to note that every Saturday in March showed a decided preponderance of men users of the circulating department." The various reading rooms of the reference department were found to be frequented by men and boys in a great majority over women and girls, or seventy-three per cent. It is pleasing to meet this evidence that man, the breadwinner and the busy member of the family, is nevertheless a library-goer, even if he has largely ceased to be a church-goer. Unlike the husband who took shelter behind his wife, who had "got religion" for the two, the paterfamilias of to-day need not point to his better half as monopolizing the culture of the partnership. For helping to redeem the human mind from error on this disputed question, we thank the Pratt Institute librarian.

THE HORSE IN DRAMATIC LITERATURE has never played a more conspicuous part than in the new play of "Black Beauty," a dramatization by Mr. Justin Adams of Miss Anna Sewall's famous story of the same name. Not even the bloodhounds in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" make such an appeal to gallery, balcony, orchestra, and dress circle (and boxes too) as does the splendid, carefully-trained animal that pranced onto the stage at Salem, Mass., and showed himself letter-perfect in his heart-moving rôle. From his first entrance as a sleek, well-groomed, beautifully-caparisoned riding-horse, to the pitiful scene where he is beheld vainly tugging at a monstrous load up a terrible hill in a blinding snow-storm, Black Beauty commands the breathless attention, and sometimes the tear-moistened handkerchiefs, of his audience — or, better, spectators. He is well supported by Ginger and Merrylegs, his two equine companions, and by Jerry Parker's dogs. An automobile also figures (ingloriously) in the play. Preparations for this production have long been in progress, and, as might have been expected, Mr. George T. Angell has shown the keenest interest in its success. In fact, it appears to have been his offer of a thousand dollars for the best dramatization of the story that led to the interesting event at Salem. Miss Flavia Rosser's version, with the scene laid in England, took the prize, and will probably be staged before long. The play has elements of popularity, as well as other points of excellence, and is likely to have a successful run.

THE UNPROFESSIONAL READER, like the unprofessional critic, is sometimes visited with flashes of insight denied to members of the guild. A good story is told about the rejection and the subsequent acceptance of "Joseph Vance," the predecessor of "Alice-for-Short." Having finished the story two years after the first suggestion of it had occurred to him, Mr. De Morgan sent the manuscript to a publisher, who promptly returned it with the comment that the tale was too long. Two hundred thousand words, written by hand, do make a formidably bulky appearance, and therefore the author decided to see whether a type-written copy might not fare better. He sent the manuscript to a type-writing establishment, whose head, a woman of intelligence, noticed a little later, in the course of her rounds, that one of her girl typists was in tears. Inquiry revealed the fact that this display of grief had been caused by an incident in "Joseph Vance," which the girl was copying. A friend of the intelligent woman, an art publisher, heard of the incident from her, asked to see the manuscript, read it with zest, and carried it to another publisher, with the result now known to the world.

THE AMERICAN MARKET FOR FRENCH BOOKS.

PARIS, November 4, 1907.

What is the matter with the market for French books in the United States? This is the interesting question that has lately been under discussion in the columns of several of the important journals of Paris. That indefatigable gentleman, M. Hugues Le Roux, has been investigating the case, and he has called in consultation a number of the literary doctors most in repute at the moment, such as Messieurs Paul Hervieu, Marcel Prévost, Jules Claretie, Henri Housaye, and Abel Hermant. All are agreed that the reputation of the French book among us is in a very bad way, and that something ought to be done at once. We may well be interested in their efforts. For if the United States should cease altogether to be importers of French books, it would not be the French authors and publishers who would be the only losers. We should be immeasurably poorer without the part that France can contribute to our intellectual life.

It would appear, from the diagnosis of M. Le Roux, that the trouble may be traced to a variety of causes. In the first place, in the words of one of the journals referred to, there is a united effort on the part of competing nations to stifle the propagation of the French language and French thought in the United States. These competitors, among whom the Germans occupy naturally a foremost place, have found most efficient allies in the teachers of French in our schools, colleges, and universities, of whose incompetence M. Le Roux draws a terrifying picture. The teaching of French in the United States, it seems, is almost wholly in the hands of Germans, Swiss, Belgians, and Americans, equally unable, for different reasons, to interpret French thought and initiate our youth into the real secrets of the French language. As M. Le Roux visited not a few of our schools and universities as the official lecturer of the Alliance Française, it is to be supposed that this sweeping condemnation is based upon personal observation, and I suppose it would be out of place on the part of one of these same incompetent Americans to protest. And in support of this opinion, M. Maxime Ingres, who, I presume, is not yet forgotten in Chicago, has sketched, in the *Matin*, what he avers to be the exact and lifelike portrait of the professor of French in our country, but what appears to one of the incompetents to be a most grotesque caricature. To say the least, M. Ingres has not been scrupulously exact in his statements of fact.

But all these enemies, active and passive, wilful and unconscious, of the French book among us would not have brought it to the sorry pass in which it now is were it not for an unclean sore that it bears within itself. For it is agreed among our doctors that if the good name of French literature is in a decline, and consequently the demand for French books has fallen off, a principal reason is to be found in the charge of lubricity and indecency to which they are so often open. *La littérature pornographique* is largely responsible for the situation. Authors and publishers, catering to the debauched taste of the sensual reader, have so swollen the mass of this ill-smelling literature that it is beginning to be taken to represent French letters, to their serious hurt. The hasty and unwarranted conclusion has been drawn that all French books are alike, and no better than the worst; and as a result the great American public, whose modesty is so sensitive, almost irritable, will have none — or very few — of them.

If this diagnosis is correct (and few will think that it is wholly wrong), the remedy proposed hardly seems likely to result in a complete cure. What is suggested, beyond the more effective organization of publishers to push their interests over-sea, is nothing more than a kind of inspection to which literature for export, at least to the United States, is to be subjected. No work shall be allowed to pass that cannot be branded as sound and wholesome.

To say nothing of the discrimination which such action contemplates against the home market, it may be doubtful whether it can possibly accomplish its purpose. Inspection may have saved the foreign market for American meat. But a book is a very different thing from a piece of meat. If a book is stamped as unclean, it is not at all sure that it is thereby irrevocably consigned to the soap-vat. If there were a lively demand for tainted meat for food, it is pretty sure that some would find its way to the eager purchaser. Of course the *littérature pornographique* is not published from unselfish motives, nor thrust by missionaries into the hands of unwilling readers. In producing books of this kind, authors and publishers are reckoning on a public demand. If they find them profitable, how are they to be convinced that it would be still more profitable not to publish them, or not to allow them to reach a certain region of territory or a certain circle of readers? And how could they prevent them from reaching that circle of readers if they were so convinced?

And then comes the question, What are the boundaries of this literature, and how is it to be defined? Are the tales of Maupassant to be included within it? Is Zola a pornographic author? Are all the doctors whom M. Le Roux has called in consultation, — M. Marcel Prévost, for example, — in position to cast the first stone at some unexportable brother? I strongly suspect that, while their diagnosis contains much truth, it does not contain all the truth, and that the American distrust of the French book is based partly upon a deep difference, national and racial, of habit and feeling with regard to certain matters — that difference that made so intelligent and liberal a critic as Matthew Arnold, with all his recognition of the eminent and superior qualities of the French mind and its achievements, lodge against that people the charge of worshipping at the shrine of the Goddess Lubricity. The agitation of the question, *a propos* of the commercial interest which the American market offers, is worth noting rather as a symptom of awakening consciousness in this direction than as promising any great direct or immediate result. We may regret that it seems rather a sordid motive that prompted this consciousness to express itself; but as a symptom it is none the less most welcome, and infinitely more important than any practical measures that it may provoke.

ARTHUR G. CANFIELD.

COMMUNICATIONS.

GENERAL HOWARD AND LINCOLN UNIVERSITY.
(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

I have just read, with much satisfaction, the interesting and appreciative review of my brother's autobiography, in your issue for October 16. The notice, all in all, is so satisfactory to General Howard's many friends that I the more readily ask your attention to one or two very natural errors, which you may deem it worth while to correct in another issue of THE DIAL.

In the first paragraph, Lincoln Memorial University, of Cumberland Gap, Tennessee, is classed as one of the schools for "colored youth." It has never had a colored student, and was not designed for such, but for the American Mountaineers — from which racial stock Abraham Lincoln is supposed to have had his origin. President Lincoln himself personally directed General Howard's attention to the loyalty of these mountaineers, and though in the Reconstruction period General Howard founded a number of schools for colored youth, like Howard University in Washington, D. C., this University at Cumberland Gap was designed exclusively for whites, and for the past fifteen years or more General Howard has devoted almost his entire time and energies to the laying of its foundations and building it up, not only by ample endowment, but also in the confidence and affection of the mountain people.

One other point, which might seem to you as merely technical, is the reference to General Howard's military career as reaching only to the command of an Army Corps. As a matter of fact, he became the Commander of the Army of the Tennessee, the same army with which Grant captured Vicksburg, and which Sherman commanded in one or two campaigns and at the battle of Chattanooga. It consisted of three full Army Corps and other detached bodies, amounting to over a hundred thousand men. The three Corps were the 15th (Logan's), 16th (Dodge's), and the 17th (Blair's). As General Howard is the only remaining Army Commander of the Civil War, it seems worth while to keep this fact in view in considering the value and merit of these two volumes of autobiography.

C. H. HOWARD.

Glencoe, Ill., November 5, 1907.

THE RESCUE OF A POEM IN DISTRESS.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Do you ever listen to an author's tale of woe — even a poet's? May I tell you the sad story of the sacrifice of a poem — two poems, indeed — not to the eccentricity of printer or proof-reader (that would be too common), but to an editor's curious mismating of titles, a mockingly perverse juxtaposition? Poems are sensitive products; as a wind makes sport of a rose, so — but I will proceed.

Four or five years ago one of the minor magazines offered a number of prizes, one being a prize of two hundred dollars, for the best poem less than thirty-six lines in length. Inspired by a gambler's hope of wealth, I sent the editor four or five pieces, concealing my name in a sealed envelope, according to the rules of the game. In two or three months came an envelope from the editor's sanctum. Could I be the lucky winner? But my hope of riches subsided when I read the contents: the editor asked me to divide the prize with no less than nine other poets!

I will not comment upon the point of editorial honor involved in this method of securing large returns of poetry for a very small outlay of dollars. My grievance vented itself in laughter; I let the editor have the poem, and also three others for which he nobly offered sixpence apiece. In a few months the first was published, and a second soon after.

Of the two which lingered in the editor's desk, one, which I called "The Question," had been written in the lightest spirit of badinage for a "Little Room" valentine party. It began:

What is love? Love is a fire,
But tears can't quench it, —

and continued with numerous frivolous answers to the query in the first line.

The other piece had been written somewhat earlier, and in a very different mood. Its subject was rather ambitious: human personality, the ego, especially the feminine ego, the summing-up of all life in the individual soul. Titles are very bothersome, and I had never found a good one for this poem. "The Answer," "The Question," "Myself" were some rather inadequate experiments, and I scarcely knew under which of them it had gone to the magazine.

Judge, then, of my horror when, in a recent issue of the same magazine, I found the two poems printed together! The valentine poem became "The Question," the other "The Answer," and both, by the unhappy association, were stabbed, killed, reduced to ashes.

My heart went out to the hapless reader who should obediently take the two pieces together and try to make the second answer the light question of the first. Whether he would read them both as serious, or both as a joke, my jumbled brain scarcely dared inquire. Twice in vain I had written the editor for proofs, and thus he and fate flouted me. Not only that, but here, in the serious poem, was a pivotal word deliberately changed to a weak one without so much as a "by-your-leave."

Had I no right to feel aggrieved? And now, being an editor yourself and therefore solicitous for the honor of your clan, will you rescue a poem in distress? Will you untangle my verses on human personality — on the ego, myself (you may find a title if you can) — from the evil meshes in which they were smothered, and let them stand free at last upon your page?

Here are the verses:

What am I? I am Earth the mother,
With all her nebulous memories;
And the young day, and night her brother,
And every god that was and is.

As Eve I walked in paradise,
Dreaming of nations, braving death
For knowledge — yes, nor grudged the price
When the first baby first drew breath.

I sang Deborah's triumph song;
I struck the foe with Judith's sword;
'T was I who to the angel said,
"Behold the handmaid of the Lord!"

I was fair Helen, she for whom
A nation was content to die;
And Cleopatra, in whose doom
The world went down with Antony.

I am the harlot in the street,
And the veiled nun all undecied;
In me does queen with beggar meet,
Wise age hark to the little child.

I am the woe that ever is, —
Yes, and the glory that shall be;
The sin that dies, and the brave bias
That mounts to immortality.

HARRIET MONROE.

Chicago, November 8, 1907.

CAPTAIN MARRYATT'S "Mr. Midshipman Easy" is published by the Messrs. Putnam in an illustrated holiday edition. Other novels now appearing in similar guise are Mr. Cobb's "The Grandissimes," which the Messrs. Scribner send us, and Mr. Stewart Edward White's "The Blazed Trail," which comes from the McClure Co.

The New Books.

WEST POINT HALF A CENTURY AGO.*

The pages of General Schaff's "Spirit of Old West Point" breathe at once the poetry and romance of warfare, as the poet and the romancer are fond of conceiving it, and also the grim horror and sad pity of it all, as seen and felt by the soldier on the battlefield. This curious mingling of seeming incompatibles, symbolic of the self-contradictory element in life itself, shows the author to be a poet as well as a warrior, a man of imagination as well as a man of action. His love of poetic imagery, his tendency to infuse with life and feeling the inanimate objects about him, his fondness for drawing spiritual truths from material facts, give to his narrative a higher beauty and a deeper meaning than we are wont to find in a soldier's reminiscences.

Graduated from West Point in 1862, the author was sent at once to the field, where he served under Meade, Hooker, and Grant. Thus it is that his memories of the Military Academy, and of his instructors and fellow-students, are continually calling up other memories of campaigns and battlefields where some of those teachers and classmates played more or less important parts. This repeated jumping from the bank of the Hudson to that of the Potomac, from the cadet chapel to the Wilderness, from the recitation room to the field of Gettysburg, makes rather jolty reading, but gives variety and life to his chapters, and affords frequent opportunity for pen-painting and for outbursts of patriotic eloquence. A reverent and at times a devout tone sounds through the book and shows this soldier to have been equipped for spiritual no less than for carnal conflict. He was, while at the Academy, a member of "Howard's little prayer-meeting," which never numbered more than ten or fifteen souls, and which General Howard has himself described in his own memories of West Point. The almost simultaneous appearance of the older and the younger West Pointers' books adds interest to the following passage from the junior's pen:

"My other instructor in pure mathematics was Major-General O. O. Howard, probably known more widely among the church-going people of our country than any officer of his time. His head is now almost snowy white, and his armless sleeve tells its story; yet when I saw him last there was the same mild, deeply sincere, country-bred simplicity in his face that it wore when, so many years ago, I sat on the bench or stood before him in the

section room. His voice too had barely changed at all; it was still pitched in the same mellow, clerical key, and accompanied, when humorous in its vein, with the same boyish smile in his earnest blue eyes, — eyes always filled with that light of another and a holier land, the fair land of the Christian's gaze."

As there are few now living who have seen and can distinctly remember General Winfield Scott, it may be worth while to take a look at him through the younger soldier's eyes. The old warrior was, at the time now recalled, in command of the army, with his headquarters at West Point.

"The old General made himself heard, considered, and felt throughout the country. He was over six feet six inches tall, and in frame was simply colossal. It so happened that only the rail separated his pew in the chapel from the one which I occupied, — it was four or five pews back, on the right side facing the chancel, — and I felt like a pigmy when I stood beside him. The old fellow was devout; but it was said that whatsoever church he attended, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist, or Roman Catholic, he threw himself into the service with the same depth of reverence. Nevertheless he would sometimes swear like a pirate. Surely, I think nature must have been in one of her royal moods at his birth, for there was magnificence in the dignity of his great, kingly, illuminated countenance. . . . We were all proud of the old hero, and more than ever when, in the blaze of full uniform and with uncovered head, he stood at the left of the present King of England at the review given for him at West Point in 1860."

General Schaff's estimate of West Point as a character-builder and a maker of men finds repeated expression in his book. To him his *alma mater* is indeed a gracious mother of noble sons, and his ideal of a liberal education is a four-years course under her fostering care. He dwells fondly on the Academy's honored past, on its historic antecedents which have made it what it now is. At the same time the man of letters speaks in him when he ventures to criticize what he thinks an excessive devotion to science in the curriculum, and urges the counter-claims of history and literature. However, he continues in panegyric strain:

"But weigh the course as you may, — and certainly her graduates have worthily met the mighty problems of war, — this must be said: West Point is a great character-builder, perhaps the greatest among our institutions of learning. The habit of truth-telling, the virtue of absolute honesty, the ready and loyal obedience to authority, the display of courage, — that virtue called *regal*, — to establish these elements of character, she labors without ceasing. The primary agency in accomplishing her ends is, and has been, the tone of the cadets. This tone, the very life and breath of the Military Academy, tracks back to a fine source, to the character of Washington and the best society at the time of the Revolution, for, since the day when he had his headquarters at West Point, it has been exclusively a military post, completely isolated from the social ferment and adventitious standards of commerce and trade. His

*THE SPIRIT OF OLD WEST POINT. 1856-1862. By Morris Schaff. Illustrated. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

standards of private and official life, and those of the officers and the gentlemen of his day, were the standards of his immediate successors, who, in turn, transmitted them unimpaired to those who came after. Moreover, at his suggestion, West Point as an institution of learning came into being; and its foundations were laid on the solid virtues of his example."

The author's course at West Point, falling in the exciting times immediately preceding and following the outbreak of our Civil War, was no sleepy Sunday-school session. The partisan strife within the Academy walls may have been something like a tempest in a teapot, but from the very fact that the lid of the teapot was so firmly held down by the authorities the occasional outbursts of steam were violent. Southern blood was hot, and Yankee principle was unbending, so that the wonder of it all is, as the author says, that any West Point men from the South remained loyal to the flag. Yet loyal they did remain, to the number of more than half the Southern graduates. But there is no occasion here to stir the smouldering embers. Let us turn to a significant passage in which the soldier-author deploras what seems to him a present tendency to subordinate scholarly to military interests at his old school.

"It is far from my intention to say that a complete change has taken place, that the Academic Board has changed places with the Military Staff in the active and formative influences of West Point life. But I cannot resist the conclusion that, if militarism grows more ascendant, serious changes must take place in the ideals of West Point; for ideals feed on culture, they lie down in the green pastures of knowledge, their shrines are not in drums but in the aspirations of the heart. Militarism once fully entrenched tolerates no challenge of precedence and culture; scholarship, idealism, those great liberating forces, must grow less and less influential as less and less they are appreciated and revered. Nothing, it seems to me, could be worse for West Point or worse for the army as a profession than to have the Academic Board sink to the level of mere teachers; in other words, to see West Point fall from the level of a university to that of a post school at a garrison . . ."

Among the post-graduate reminiscences so generously interspersed, nothing is better than this picture of General Grant:

"Let me say in this connection that of all the officers of high rank whom I have ever met, only Grant and Sherman did not charge the atmosphere about them with military consequence. While at City Point I frequently joined my friends of General Grant's staff . . . at his headquarters. The General, in undress uniform, always neat but not fastidious in appointments, would sit at the door of his tent, or sometimes on one of the long settees that faced each other under the tent-fly, smoke, listen, and sometimes talk; and not a soul of us, from the youngest to the oldest, ever had a thought of rank. Without lowering his manner to the level of familiarity, he put every one at his ease by his natural simplicity. He had none of the caprices of moods or vanity. Quiet

in his presence and natural in his manner, gentle in voice, of absolute purity in speech, of unaffected, simple dignity, Grant threw a charm around his camp-fire. West Point never graduated a man who added so little austerity or pretense to the peak of fame."

The foretaste that "Atlantic" readers have had of these very readable chapters ought to give additional relish to the completed book, which contains much additional matter, as well as numerous and excellent views of West Point buildings and scenes, past and present. One looks in vain for the author's portrait among the plates; but regret at not finding it would probably have given place to a greater regret had General Schaff overcome his modesty and put in his picture. So hard is human nature to please. The only misprint noticeable to us in this handsome volume is in General James H. Wilson's name, which appears in the index as "James H. Willson" and on page 169 as "James M. Wilson." PERCY F. BICKNELL.

ALL ABOUT EVERYTHING IN HOMER.*

From various volumes on Homeric subjects the rather rebellious reviewer happened to turn to Mr. A. D. Godley's unique "Verses to Order," and a kindly Athena guided his eye to this delight:

"POLUPHLOISBOISTEROUS Homer of old
Threw all his arguments into the sea,
Although he had often been courteously told
That perfect imperfects begin with an e:
But the Poet replied, with a dignified air,
'What the Digamma does anyone care?'"

And in all seriousness what *does* anyone care about nine-tenths or more of the flood of Homeric controversy and commentary? For instance, may we beg the courteous reader to turn his twin-eyed gaze upon the following tabulation from a German scholar, and the generalizing comment?

	<i>Homeric Warfare.</i>	<i>Modern Warfare.</i>
Wounds on the Head,	21 per cent.	7 per cent.
Wounds on the Neck,	11 per cent.	2 per cent.
Wounds on the Body,	54 per cent.	21 per cent.
Wounds on the Lower Limbs,	7 per cent.	6 per cent.
Wounds on the Upper Limbs,	7 per cent.	44 per cent.

"From this table it is seen that the Homeric warrior aimed with the spear at the head and neck, while the modern bullet is directed from a greater distance at the whole body." Perhaps the joyous German insistence on these details was innately military; perhaps it was even proudly national, intended to offset the enthusiastic Frenchman who suggested that the author

* LIFE IN THE HOMERIC AGE. By Thomas Day Seymour. New York: The Macmillan Co.

of the Iliad was *aide-de-camp* or military secretary to Agamemnon. Be that as it may, let us try to imagine the thrill of enlarged horizons conveyed by the above to a reader who has been following Achilles in his death-dealing rage, or standing by Menelaus when the truce-ending arrow of Pandarus had brought him nigh to death, and blood was staining his shapely thighs, "even as when a woman, Maonian or Carian, stains ivory with purple, to be a cheek-piece for horses." And, lest Philology should be preëminent in pedantic motley, her sister Archeology occasionally assumes the jingling bells and sings that "one square half-inch of ancient potsherd is worth a hundred written tomes." Fortunate was the boy who began his Homer with few notes and no problems. His was the joy, in some measure, of the old Greek audience that hung on the winged words as they came from the lips of Ion or some other rhapsodist; for even yet the divine magnetism of which Plato tells may stream through the series of rings from poet to reader, and work compellingly upon the mind of man. Howbeit, the two sisters in their ordinary mood of loving and laborious ministry have achieved notable results and have deserved thoroughly well of the one demi-god or the thousand men who moulded the Homeric poems. They have brought us to a delectable inn, where, as we enjoy our poet, we may order almost any favorite theory and have it served by at least one eminent scholar while our stupid opponent is being equally well served at the neighboring table. If the descendants of Wolf still seek to tear the poems asunder, Mr. Andrew Lang sturdily defends their essential unity; if a few still cling to the "ballad" theory, M. Bréal pins his faith to a real epopee emanating from a formal or even courtly civilization. Moreover, while the sisters leave us this pleasant luxury of wavering about numerous questions, they have in many cases enabled us to exchange an old problem for a new one, and not a few of the difficulties they have actually settled.

Some time in the course of the second millennium B. C.,—say from the seventeenth to fourteenth centuries,—an opulent civilization of a decidedly oriental tinge spread over the sprinkled isles of the Aegean and some of the neighboring shores. At various centres were dynasts of great wealth, having at their command skilful artificers in many crafts, particularly cunning workers in metal, whose products still delight our eyes and command our admiration. Then came a change, not as

cataclysmic as we were asked to believe, but still a material change; and the golden glories gave way to an age that was yet wealthy and comfortable, although its life was simpler and its crafts more humble. During this period the Homeric poems were either evolved or created, the work of countless minor bards, or of several great poets, or primarily of one supreme master. Personally the present writer has always been inclined to believe roughly in the essential unity of final authorship. This does not preclude either the free utilization of rich material by the fashioning author, or minor accretions from later hands. At any rate, the Iliad and Odyssey came into being in the course of this second era. From an exact date one still shrinks, although M. Bréal is willing to assign "the works passing under the name of Homer" to the era of the last Lydian kings. Between eleven hundred and eight hundred B. C. would seem as close an approximation as would be safe at present. The poems certainly contain traces of the earlier "golden" civilization, and we need not be regarded as very terrible stratifiers if we cannot limit the picture to quite as short and definite a period as does Mr. Lang.

We have spoken of the poems as things written; and it is pleasant to reflect that one more boggy of our childhood days has been laid to rest: "necessary oral transmission" has disappeared before evidences of writing long antecedent to the composition of the Iliad and Odyssey. Furthermore, they were written in a conventional dialect that does not belong to any one of the recognized ethnical or linguistic divisions of the early Greeks, such as Æolic or Ionic. To this an interesting parallel has been found in the Troubadour use of Limousin, wherein are mingled many Provençal, Italian, and other forms. Such a settled dialect and the elaborate hexametrical verse point to a long line of singers as well as to an audience with a trained taste. Indeed, there is much to support the contention that the poetry is primarily court poetry, if we use the term with due reserve as to the connotation. For oftentimes the court must have been very simple; and the connection between princes and retainers was so close that for the most part they doubtless heard the songs together. And the singers sang of countless things, alike of those that had been, and those that were, and those that could never be.

To help us understand the song, many men have written many books, the latest being from the hand of the honored Hillhouse Professor of Greek in Yale University. "The author's

point of view has been philological, not archaeological. From the poet's language he has attempted to discover what was before the poet's mind." Archaeological studies are warmly recommended in conjunction with the author's work; but his own book "seeks to set forth with regard to Homeric antiquities simply what may be learned from the Homeric poems themselves, with such illustration as is obvious or naturally presented from other sources." The outcome is a volume of the *Realien* type so common in Germany. Thus, one chapter treats of "Trade and the Crafts," another of "Animals, Fishes, Birds, and Insects," another of "Homeric War," and so on. Then under each subdivision, — e. g., "Fortification of the Homeric Age" or "Behaviour with different Wounds," — all the pertinent passages are carefully collected and briefly commented upon. Not infrequently there is an archaeological reference or a helpful parallel from the Old Testament. In accordance with the general plan, everything in the poems, from olives to Olympus, is pigeon-holed and made immediately available.

One of the most attractive chapters bears the caption "The Troad." Every man has visualized a Troad of his own; and some are in a position to share the enthusiasm of Professor Seymour's traveller.

"I took advantage of a little leisure to read the Iliad over again in the presence of the great natural features of the scene. No one who has not seen the magnificent outline which bounds the horizon of the plain of Troy can bring home to his mind the stirring and marvellous narrative of the poet as Homer meant it to affect his readers, or rather hearers."

We too remember some days of dream in the Dardanelles or on the Troad. Agamemnon Schliemann was our cabin-mate, and the expedition was under the leadership of Professor William Dörpfeld, as brilliant as he is thorough. But after all, as we look back, we are not sure that the elusive *genius loci* was not caught as well in the ill-equipped schoolroom of our boyhood days as it was in the material Troad, visited even under such glorious conditions. And we are grateful to the Yale classicist for pointing out that Homer was not a topographer. As a matter of fact the writer of the Iliad needed no more knowledge of the plain of Troy than could be attained by a man who had learned his geography from others — pirates, travellers, or what not. We know now that Hissarlik is the site of Troy; that the coast-line is not materially changed; that the Menderé is the Scamander, and that the Dumbrek is the Simois. It will

also be recalled that on the site of the city Professor Dörpfeld found nine strata, representing nine successive settlements, and that he places Troy in the sixth layer from the bottom. As one listens to the eminent German's own arguments, glowingly delivered amid the pathetic ruins, one is almost enthusiastically sure of his correctness even in details; but cold reason would indicate that some modifications of his views are quite possible if there shall be any serious excavation by other hands, — an unlikely contingency for the present generation. Touching some minor points on the plain, the views may well be as shifting as the bed of the Scamander itself, without marring either our enjoyment or our essential understanding. Professor Seymour's chapter offers an accessible and reliable summary of the most recent conclusions, and his readers should feel comparatively at home in the passages involving a conception of these storied scenes.

The chapter on the Troad is separated from its important kinsman dealing with "Cosmography and Geography." Here the main feature of current interest is the controversy as to whether the Ithaca of the poems is the modern Ithaca, or Leukas. Our author pronounces no decision, but seems inclined to favor Professor Dörpfeld's choice of the latter island. In a later chapter, however (p. 94), he speaks of the island of Ithaca as though it had been definitely identified. In recent Homeric geographical discussion the most startling thing is "M. Bérard's sumptuous book intended to prove that the Odyssey was only a Greek paraphrase of the 'Sailing Directions of Phoenician mariners.'" This work is promptly and deliberately shelved by Professor Seymour, and few will question the soundness of his tenet that "we need not be more definite than Homer." But we may be allowed to mention, in passing, that parts of M. Bérard's adventurous essay are uncommonly readable. It is so pleasant to have every possible or impossible Homeric place identified beyond controversy; and this the zealous Frenchman does for us with truly national charm.

Many other captions invite comment, particularly "The Homeric State"; but we must limit ourselves to a brief note on "Women and the Family." This chapter begins with a depiction of eight women selected as Homeric types. Here too our author follows the same conscientious method of quotation and comment that he does elsewhere. Although this involves rather uncomfortable limitations, inasmuch as it is a little hard to conceive of Helen and Andromache as *Realien*, it certainly precludes

effusiveness. And if Professor Seymour does no undue glorifying, neither does he sin with Lemaitre in his *Contes*, and a few serious critics, by spoiling the white picture of the girl Nausicaa, and troubling with little Parisian pebbles of doubt the still sweet depths of Penelope's faithful heart. To the topics taken up later in the chapter, the *Realien* method is better adapted; and we have a clear treatment of such questions as the heading of the chapter would readily suggest.

Of the foregoing, as of all other sections of "Life in the Homeric Age," it may be said that they represent painstaking erudition. Professor Seymour has spent a large part of a studious life in preparing himself for the writing of such a book; and it is probably a rash reviewer who would assail him, save in the numerous details that are always debatable in such a connection. And yet, in all respectful honesty we must point out some not unimportant grounds for unfavorable criticism. The most serious disappointment is due in part to the fact that the title, "Life in the Homeric age," suggests a volume teeming with movement and inspiration; whereas the very method of treatment precludes the realization of any such conception. In the second place, the work seems too detailed for a younger student, while for an advanced worker it ought to embody more results from Archaeology and the increasingly important science of Anthropology. Again, one is compelled to notice a regrettable lack of proportion, a habit of repetition that might be called otiose if one did not know the over-conscientious author, and a constant recurrence of a negative method of elucidation. Of this last tendency one could quote scores of instances. Thus: "The Achæans had no written documents; and no mortgages to foreclose." "Nothing indicates the existence of detailed rules for the bringing up of children." The next two sentences show in addition a modernity that the reviewer feels to be thoroughly infelicitous: "The success or failure of the fight does not rest with him [the private soldier]: he is not 'the man behind the gun.'" "This is 'team work' rather than 'individual play'; but it is not a Macedonian phalanx." The explanation of the painful frequency of these examples is doubtless to be sought in the prior employment of much of the material in the class-room, where every device to arouse and maintain interest may be not only legitimate but laudable. In an ambitious and dignified work, however, they are surely out of place. Minor questions of style we pass in silence save

one. The laundrying expedition of Nausicaa is mentioned ten or twelve times, and she almost invariably "laves the linen" when one would so much prefer to have her wash it. But there is a larger question involved; for if we are dealing with a very late epopee and a very artificial court life, we should have to regard Nausicaa's fateful expedition as the caprice of an archaizing princess who would certainly "lave the linen." However, it is probable that even M. Bréal would not carry the point to such a logical conclusion, and Professor Seymour is doubtless repeating a phrase, not advocating a theory. And it may well be that we should have left this for the classical journals, to which we must surrender so many opportunities to air our presumptuous differences of opinion on technical points.

Despite all our efforts, the patient reader will have noticed our skepticism as to the final value of many books of the *Realien* type; but if we are to have them, they should adhere strictly to their plan and not exhibit an unnatural admixture of æsthetic criticism. If one is occasionally tempted to believe that there is nothing less real than *Realien*, one is often sleepily forced to conclude that there may be nothing more anæsthetic than æsthetics. In this respect Professor Seymour is above reproach.

The seven hundred pages are well and correctly printed, and the binding is exceptionally appropriate and attractive. The illustrations on the whole are helpful and well-chosen, although one queries the appositeness of the Apollo Belvedere (facing p. 176). There is an English index as well as a Greek one. To the serviceable Bibliography even the general reader should now add Mr. Andrew Lang's "Homer and his Age" and M. Bréal's "Pour mieux connaître Homère," which are mentioned in the preface as appearing after most of "Life in the Homeric Age" was in type. Both of these books are stimulating and enjoyable. On the purely archaeological side, we should probably recall "The Discoveries in Crete" by Professor Ronald Burrows, who discusses the points of contact between the recent excavations and the problems of the Homeric poems. F. B. R. HELLEMS.

"OLD GERMAN LOVE SONGS" is the title of a book just issued from the University of Chicago Press. It is the work of Mr. Frank C. Nicholson, who has translated into acceptable English verse a considerable selection of lyrics by the Minnesingers who kept German poetry alive from the twelfth to the fourteenth century. The translator also supplies a critical introduction.

THE ENGLISH NOVEL AND THE RASCALLY
ANTI-HERO.*

Eight years ago the Macmillan Company published a book by Professor Frank Wadleigh Chandler entitled "The Picaresque Novel in Spain," further described on the title-page as Part I. of "Romances of Roguery." It was one of the Columbia University "Studies in Literature," the result of a detailed research into the character and development of the Spanish *picaro*. With humor and appreciation unusual in combination with so much erudition, it showed forth the picaresque rascal, deliciously light-handed, hard-hearted, and glib-tongued, but quite lacking in subtlety of motive — so mercenary indeed as fully to warrant Professor Chandler's epithet for him of "anti-heroic." It was by virtue of the light that this primitive anti-hero throws upon the hero — and the anti-hero as well — of later and more sophisticated romance, — by virtue, that is, of the position of picaresque literature as an episode in the history of the novel, — that Professor Chandler claimed a larger interest for his work than its specialized character might otherwise have warranted. But he developed this interesting thesis largely by implication, promising to make it explicit in a later work, which should rest on the strong foundation afforded by a scholarly investigation of Spanish origins.

And now Professor Chandler has fulfilled his promise. We do not mean to imply that he necessarily regards "The Literature of Roguery," just published in two volumes by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in their "Types of English Literature" Series, as a substitute for the projected Part II. of his earlier work; but we are satisfied to accept it as such, hoping, however, that he will continue to make further contributions to a subject which, in its endless and delightful ramifications, he has made peculiarly his own. Indeed, we feel that he really owes us at least one more volume as a forfeit for his choice of too general a title for this one. Some of the most delightful rascals in literature are quite outside the main trend of the novel's development, and if the ballad rascals, Burns's and Father Prout's heroes, and the rogues so deftly sketched in by essayists like Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Douglas Jerrold, receive only casual consideration or entire omission in a volume entitled "The Literature of Roguery," the author surely ought to make suitable reparation, espe-

cially when he is as competent to do so as Professor Chandler.

As has been already suggested, Professor Chandler's new book is a study of the development of one branch of modern fiction. The preface states the purpose of the work so accurately and so interestingly that it deserves to be quoted in full, but an excerpt must suffice.

"In the broadest sense, this history follows the fortunes of the anti-hero in literature. More narrowly, it is a study of realism, for it investigates the rôle enacted in literary art by the observation of low-life. Specifically, it traces in English letters a notable series of gradations from the first crude records of actuality to the complete re-shaping of experience by the imagination, and in this process it points a constant tendency toward romanticism, counteracted at times by fresh returns to fact. It aims therefore to do a three-fold service: first, to exhibit in its origins and organic growth a body of literature of considerable extent and intrinsic interest; secondly, to trace the development of anti-heroism in letters as reflecting the disintegrating play of the forces of evil in society; and thirdly, to exemplify a significant process and tendency in art."

In accordance with this plan, the opening chapter defines the rogue as differentiated from other delinquent types, and the literature of preponderant roguery as differentiated from that in which the anti-hero is only a minor character or a mere foil for the virtuous hero. It then takes a rapid survey of the early stages of the rascal romance in Spain, France, Germany, and Holland. Next follows an account of roguery in English literature as it was developed through the Georgian era, at which point the first volume closes. With the consideration of the eighteenth century novelists, the study necessarily becomes more limited, more detailed, and for the general reader probably more interesting. With the possible exception, however, of a part of the first chapter, there is nothing esoteric or academic about Professor Chandler's work. Indeed, its greatest charm lies in its peculiar combination of authority with human interest, of scholarly methods and an imposing bibliography with a fine sense of proportion, — a large grasp of the matter as a whole and in its relation to other lines of literary research. The style has the same two-edged appeal; it is keen, clear-cut, subtle, keeping the fine line between the easy dogmatism of ignorance and the over-qualified hesitancy of the absorbed student, oppressed by masses of detail.

It is of course impossible to make adequate comment upon any part of Professor Chandler's study in a brief review. Investigators in related fields will like to know that there are complete bibliographies for every section of every chapter;

* THE LITERATURE OF ROGUERY. By Frank Wadleigh Chandler. In two volumes. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

and they will be particularly interested in original studies of types like the anatomy of roguery and the criminal biography, which are here for the first time defined and brought into connection with imaginative literature. On the other hand, the general reader—to employ a much abused term—will enjoy such topics as roguery in recent fiction, cockney rogueries, and Borrow's and Thackeray's rascals (the two authors are classed together under the suggestive heading, "Sympathetic and Satiric Rogue Realism"). The reader will appreciate, too, the catholic taste and the open-mindedness which show the same interest in modern detective tales and seventeenth-century jest-books, and which link Greene's conny-catching pamphlets with Flynt's "Tramping with Tramps," and the Georgian dramas with Pinero's "Profligate" and McLellan's "Leah Kleschna."

Professor Chandler understands the arts of apt quotation and trenchant summary. As in his first book, he develops his second and third theses largely by suggestion, stating facts at length and conclusions briefly, and depending upon the sympathy and good judgment of his readers to amplify whatever part of his thesis interests them most. One issue not explicitly stated in the preface is the development of the æsthetic concept of roguery from the naïve gaiety of the *pícaro* or the crude outline sketches offered in early treatments of the Robin Hood and Robin Goodfellow legends, to the sophistication of a Beeky Sharp, a Pringle, or a Tom Sawyer, and finally to the evasion of the whole moral issue as personified in Dr. Weir Mitchell's Quack, in Kipling's "Soldiers Three," in Raffles, gentleman thief, and in Sherlock Holmes, detector of crime, but possessed of all the *sang froid*, dash, and daring that in earlier literature are the special prerogatives of the rogue himself. All this is of course implied in a study of rogue literature, but Mr. Chandler's method brings it into special prominence; and many readers will find it the most interesting feature of his work.

To illustrate the unusual distinction of Mr. Chandler's style, we make a few quotations, chosen almost at random. Of Jonathan Wild he writes:

"England sank to the nadir of social misrule in the first third of the eighteenth century, and its prince of darkness was Jonathan Wild. He represents the acme of professionalism in crime. As a terror inspirer he has long been invoked by novelists and dramatists, and every criminal chronicle holds him its darling."

Again, in placing Defoe in the picaresque stream, he says:

"Defoe had no perception of fine shades of character or of character-development; the feelings he presents are the simplest; and emotion with him is the exception rather than the rule. Maternal affection, for example, although Moll Flanders is the mother of twelve children, finds no expression in action, and but little in words."

In speaking of some of Dickens's rogues he writes:

"Dotheboys Hall of Wackford Squeers is as much a place of torment as the school of Doctor Cabra attended by Don Pablos. But Dickens's earnestness of purpose and special plea for educational reform, if they favor over-emphasis, are in contrast with the rollicking travesty of the Spaniard. Squeers is a rascal, deserving of his sentence to transportation. . . . The plotting felon, Brooker, and the swindler, Sir Mulberry Hawk, verge on the villainous; but the itinerant Crummles family and sly Mantalini, gone to the demerol bow-wows, are pleasantly picaresque."

Finally, we will let Mr. Chandler's concluding paragraph state what he feels that his book has accomplished.

"As a force moulding literary history the English literature of roguery has proved most potent in affecting the drift of the drama in the early seventeenth century, in coöperating to create the novel in the eighteenth century, and in amplifying the scope of that novel, and in producing the detective story in the nineteenth century. If it has stood at a far remove from art in such departments as the anatomies of roguery and the criminal biographies, and in such a work as "The English Rogue," it has also achieved artistic distinction in the later fiction, and it has reckoned among its devotees many whose names rank high in the annals of literature. Most picturesque in the days of Elizabeth, most immoral in the days of the Stuarts, and most earnest and at the same time most merry under the Georges, it has become since the advent of the nineteenth century most diffused, complex, and varied. Now it views sordid actuality in the dry light of reason; now it yields to the play of imagination and of sentiment; now it is merely ingenious. It receives the tribute alike of the romanticist and of the realist. It adapts itself equally well to the purposes of the moralist and to those of the jester, to the propaganda of the humanitarian reformer, or to the inventions of the light-hearted teller of tales. To entertain has ever been its purpose, but although much of it has done only this, in the main the genre has acquired significance in so far as it has also subverted the ends of satire, or revealed the manners and life of the underworld, or contributed to an understanding of character, or furthered a study of social conditions with a view to social improvement. In some or all of these directions the literature of roguery has successfully adventured in the past, and these remain the pathways open to its progress in the future."

EDITH KELLOGG DUNTON.

A SERIES of booklets entitled "The Great Operas" has been undertaken by M. J. Cuthbert Hadden, and the volumes are published in this country by the Frederick A. Stokes Co. Five are now at hand, their subjects being "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Carmen" and "The Bohemian Girl." They have illustrations in color, and the text tells simply about both the music and the composers.

RECENT FICTION.*

The figurative application of a Scriptural text is a favorite device of Mrs. Wharton's, and it again appears in "The Fruit of the Tree," her latest work of fiction. A note of seriousness, and of deep underlying purpose, is thus struck by the very title-page; and it need hardly be said at this late day that, besides its accomplished artistry, Mrs. Wharton's work always gives us the sense of ethical responsibility. Her latest theme is perhaps the most daring that she has dealt with, and certainly the one which most demands a responsible attitude, for the particular case of conscience here brought under her analysis is that of the right to shorten human life when its prolongation means only suffering with no attendant hope of recovery. Such action as this is justified (in theory) by many people who take life seriously and look it squarely in the face, although the law gives the action no countenance, and the instinctive inheritance of many centuries of Christian civilization causes most of us to recoil with horror from the suggestion. And even those who are persuaded to give theoretical approval to the principle would find it impossible to formulate a safe working-rule for its application. We fancy that the consciousness of this difficulty, almost as much as the instinctive revolt against any violation of the sanctity of human life, helps to line up the professional moralists in a solid opposing phalanx whenever the humanitarian plea for mercy to the condemned sufferer is voiced. On the other hand, the sternest champion of the law, whether moral or civil, which forbids the taking of human life, would be likely to weaken inwardly when confronted by some particularly heart-rending case of agony for which no natural end but death is possible, and which might be summarily ended with relief to all concerned. In such a case, the ethical philosophy which is no more than a calculus of pleasure and pain is apt to make all idealistic systems appear ineffectual. And the one who should, in such a case, translate this philosophy into action, although a criminal in the eyes of the law, would at least be entitled to a certain awful kind of sympathy. These are among the reflections that come to us while reading Mrs. Wharton's novel. As a conscious artist, she realizes that it is not her business to take sides, but rather to present a concrete example, and leave her readers

to react upon it in their special modes of pity and indignation. It is such an example that she has presented, with moving effect, in "The Fruit of the Tree." Perhaps we get as near as anywhere to the author's point of view in the following passage about the woman whose act is held before our gaze: "She accepted the last condition as she had accepted the other, pledged to the perpetual expiation of an act for which, in the abstract, she still refused to hold herself to blame. But life is not a matter of abstract principles, but a succession of pitiful compromises with fate, of concessions to old tradition, old beliefs, old charities and frailties. That was what her act had taught her—that was the word of the gods to the mortal who had laid a hand on their bolts." He would be a harsh moralist, who, in the presence of the poignant tragedy portrayed in this book, should maintain that the woman's punishment does not measure up to her desert, and who should not be able to make large allowances for an act which, however intrinsically horrible, is the outcome of the purest pity and the tenderest love.

The great San Francisco earthquake now makes its appearance in fiction, serving as an effective climax to Mrs. Atherton's new international novel. The book is entitled "Ancestors," for no more discernible reason than is offered by the fact that the heroine is of Spanish origin, and is supposed to exhibit certain ancestral traits. However, novelists nowadays are hard pressed for titles, and almost anything will serve. Mrs. Atherton's hero is a young Englishman in political life—a sort of Rosebery-Curzon-Churchill blend—who becomes a peer much to his disgust, and is thereby precluded from what has seemed to be his destined leadership of the Commons. The heroine is an American cousin from California, who at this juncture persuades him to forsake English politics, come to America, and there carve out for himself a new career. About a third of the book is taken up by these preliminaries, and then the scene is shifted to California, where it remains for something over four hundred pages. The English peer becomes plain John Gwynne, a rancher, and a student of political life in his new home. The fact that, by an accident of travel, he had been born in Virginia, permits him to claim American citizenship by a technicality, and supports the visionary suggestion that he may be eligible for the presidency. When the story closes, however, he has got no farther toward this goal than a sort of local leadership. But he gets his American cousin before the curtain falls, which is what the novel-reader chiefly demands. The strength of this book is found in its intimate depiction of California, both natural and social. Here the author is on firm ground (to speak with only figurative intent), and writes whereof she knows, albeit with some exaggeration and crudeness of coloring. But the story is made fairly tedious by endless passages of analysis and discussion, and its inordinate length is not justified by a corresponding richness of invention and imagination. Of its style there is not much of

*THE FRUIT OF THE TREE. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ANCESTORS. A Novel. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE SHUTTLE. By Frances Hodgson Burnett. New York: The Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE RADICAL. By I. K. Friedman. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

BETH NORVELL. A Romance of the West. By Randall Parrish Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co.

MONEY MAGIC. A Novel. By Hamlin Garland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE WEAVERS. A Tale of England and Egypt of Fifty Years Ago. By Gilbert Parker. New York: Harper & Brothers.

LORD CAMMERLEIGH'S SECRET. By Roy Horniman. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

say. It exhibits rawness rather than refinement, and is almost wholly devoid of charm.

Another novel of the international type is "The Shuttle," by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Here again we have a title with only the vaguest sort of relevancy, one that has to be justified by the occasional insertion of figurative reflections upon the web of comity that fate is weaving between the shores of England and America. In the present case it is a snarl that is woven rather than a web, for the story starts with an international marriage that proves most distressing in its results. Suffice it to say that the bride, who is the daughter of an American magnate of fabulous wealth, is so cowed by the brutality of her noble and vicious spouse that she supinely places her fortune in his hands, ceases to communicate with her own family, and sinks into the position of a drudge, an unconsidered appendage of his decayed household. This situation is, of course, improbable to the verge of being preposterous, but it provides a setting for the main part of the story, which begins when Betty appears upon the scene. Betty is the younger sister of the abused wife, and as soon as she reaches the age of discretion, she starts for England on the mission, long cherished in secret, of discovering and rescuing the lost member of the family. She arrives at a time when the villainous husband is absent in parts unknown, grasps the situation, and presently dominates it. Her doings are of a nature to astonish the natives and everybody else, and when the husband re-appears, he discovers that he has a new member of his household, a rehabilitated estate, and a wife who shows signs of possessing a will of her own. These phenomena surprise him at first, and then make him more malignantly villainous than he had been before — there can be no doubt that in this portrayal Mrs. Burnett gives us good measure. The element of sentimental romance in the book is provided by Betty's relations with a neighbor, an impoverished nobleman, a figure of the taciturn-heroic type, whom everyone but Betty misjudges. She discovers him to be a diamond of the purest water, although a rough one, and all is well in the end, save for the villain, with whom all is ill, yet not ill in proportion to his deserts. Betty seems to us an unusually fine character; fine, that is, in the sense of artistic and sympathetic portrayal. The story is a long one, and might be shortened to its advantage.

Mr. Friedman, in "The Radical," gives us another variant upon the well-worn theme of the political leader engaged in the struggle with the hydra-headed (or octopus-footed) monster of corruption. His hero makes his way upward by sheer strength of character and rugged honesty. After he has served his apprenticeship in municipal and state politics, he becomes a Representative at Washington, and eventually a Senator. But after this, his career does not present the record of successful achievement so popular with the novelists who portray this type of character; for our author gives us the novelty of a hero who is defeated in the end, and forced to succumb to the forces of evil arrayed against

him. Probably Mr. Friedman is not quite as pessimistic as this outcome would seem to indicate, for the closing page seems to hint that we are not through with the hero, whose last recorded words, as he departs from Washington, are to the effect that the White House has both a front and a back door. Still, a story of this type which ends in defeat is something of a novelty, and attention must be called to the fact. The scene of Mr. Friedman's story is placed, for the most part, in the national capital, and it is evident that the author has spent some time there, note-book in hand. He is well-equipped with the facts of political life, and with the social sympathies needed for their effective interpretation. He writes as an avowed spokesman of our present-day militant democracy, which is probably as biased, in its own way, as the effete aristocracy which it antagonizes. And we must add that the present book, in the details of its workmanship, is not as finished a production as the author's previous writings would lead us to expect.

Things happen to a surprising extent in the novels of Mr. Randall Parrish, and more of them than usual happen in "Beth Norvell," his latest fiction. The scene is in the mining region of Colorado, the hero is a mining engineer, and the heroine a young woman who has run away from her villainous husband, and is supporting herself by enacting various parts as leading lady of a theatrical company. The hero succumbs when he first sees her, and applies for a position as scene-shifter and general utility man with her troupe. This enables him to be on hand at various critical junctures, and he knows how to utilize his opportunities. In the end the villain is conveniently disposed of, and all is well. It is all melodrama of a rather preposterous sort, and the hero's conversation is a little more preposterous than anything else in the book.

Another story of the West, but one considerably more serious in artistic intent, is "Money Magic," by Mr. Hamlin Garland. The hero is a reformed gambler and the heroine an emancipated "biscuit-shooter." The gambler reforms because that is the condition the "biscuit-shooter" imposes upon him, and her emancipation is from the drudgery of the country hotel in which her days have been spent. Just as this arrangement has been effected between the two, a "bad man" gets the gambler off his guard, and "fills him with lead." (We drop into these playful idioms as a natural consequence of association with the unspoiled figures of Western romance.) The gambler is supposed to be on his death-bed, and a marriage is hastily contrived; but he unexpectedly recovers, although remaining a cripple. The couple now remove to the Springs, where they occupy a palatial residence, and get into "society." The woman develops possibilities, which a young lawyer (who now comes into the foreground) is quick to perceive. Various affecting scenes then follow, growing out of the wife's struggle with her awakened self, and the pathetic self-effacement of the husband. The effacement is finally made complete, and the story

ends with a new life in prospect for his widow. There is a certain amount of truth in this narrative, and fairly effective characterization, although the latter must be described as crude rather than subtle. Mr. Garland has done much better work than this, and will, we trust, do it again.

"Whatever thy task, thou art even as one who twists the thread and throws the shuttle weaving the web of Life. Ye are all weavers, and Allah the Merciful, does He not watch beside the loom?" This impressive quotation (is it from the Koran?) at once introduces and sets the keynote for "The Weavers," a new novel by Sir Gilbert Parker. The words presage breadth of treatment and a serious underlying purpose. Their omen is not without fulfilment, for the author has embodied their message in a work that, despite certain quite obvious faults, is nevertheless endowed with unity of design and fine idealism. The faults may be dismissed with a few words. They are found in a somewhat heavy and repetitious style, an excess of melodramatic action and of Egyptian local color, and an element of what is intended to be comic relief, provided by a stray American whose language and conduct are alike impossible. Allowing for all these things, there remains a tale of varied and absorbing interest, the most ambitious and probably the most successful of Sir Gilbert's writings. The story is of Egypt fifty years ago, but of an Egypt brought into such relations with England as to justify the large share of attention given to English scenes and characters. The author has imagined a young Englishman of Quaker nurture, transferred by accident, as it were, to the Egyptian court, and placed in a position of such responsibility that the destinies of the country are in his hands. There is a little of Lord Cromer and a good deal of Gordon in his make-up, and his career is in many respects strikingly like that of the last-named Englishman, whose personality and situation in the eighties have been borrowed for the uses of this romance of the sixties. Particularly is this description true of the relations between our Quaker David and the home government, which supports him in a half-hearted way, and finally abandons him to his fate. More fortunate than Gordon, however, he is saved from his desperate peril, and his enemies are routed when all hope seems lost. This situation provides a tense climax for a work that lays a strong hold upon our sympathies, and that depicts, in a manner that is something more than superficial, the sharp contrast, if not the deep essential antagonism, between East and West. Sir Gilbert is a man of the world whose thought is tinged by poetic imagination, and it is to this unusual combination that the effectiveness of his work is due.

"Lord Cammarleigh's Secret" is a diverting tale by Mr. Roy Horniman. By way of anticipating its strain upon the reader's credulity it is styled "a fairy story of to-day" upon the title-page, and with this warning we are measurably prepared to be surprised. Granted, however, a single initial impossibility, the story goes on smoothly and naturally

enough; and this, we take it, represents a more artistic method of dealing with the impossible than that which demands our acceptance of new miracles in every chapter. The hero is an audacious youth of parts, introduced to us upon the verge of starvation. At his wits' ends, he one day comes across Lord Cammarleigh, whom he has never seen before, notes a look of terror upon his face, and whispers to him dramatically: "I know your secret." Thereupon he is at once taken into his lordship's household, installed as private secretary, given the power of the purse, and made practically master of position and fortune. He uses the opportunity to such excellent effect that he eventually marries an aristocratic maiden, gets a seat in Parliament, and sequesters for his own benefit a large share of Cammarleigh's fortune. As for the secret, he never finds it out, and, what is worse, even the reader gets no hint of its nature. But it is dark and deadly enough to make Cammarleigh a puppet in the hero's hands, and to give us the delight of following the career of a particularly engaging adventurer.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

The history of slavery in Cuba.

Since the reversal in our foreign and colonial policies which has taken place since 1898, American students are devoting more attention to the history of Latin-America. The most recent product of investigation in that field is "A History of Slavery in Cuba, 1511 to 1868" (Putnam), by Herbert H. S. Aimes. The title is too comprehensive, since the only subject treated is the slave-trade to Cuba, legal and illegal. The author traces the history of the trade from the beginning to the end, describing the policy of Spain, the desires of the Cuban planters, the methods of the traders, attempts at suppression, and the slave-trade in international politics, with here and there some remarks upon the economic situation in Cuba and its relation to the slave traffic. In a sense, this is a scholarly work. It is the result of much labor, and is based upon the best authorities, Spanish, French, and English, both documentary and printed. But the narrative in which the author presents the results of his work is something fearful and wonderful in its raw and careless crudeness. It would seem that no effort was made to give the work a clear and readable form. At times it is difficult to understand the author's meaning; there is unnecessary word coining; technical terms are not sufficiently explained; quotations are not well introduced, and indirect quotations are in bad form; too many minute facts are given, and not enough effort is exerted to work them into a logical narrative,—in fact, the author seems to have lost himself in his mass of details. But in spite of all these defects, we can dig out, with the author's assistance, certain general conclusions, such as these: the Spanish government was desirous of limiting the slave trade;

the Cuban planters wanted more slaves than they were permitted to import, though at times they showed a lively sense of the danger of having large numbers of negroes; but few female slaves were imported for a long time, and thus the slave trade was considered more necessary; though illegal after about 1820, it was practically impossible to prevent the smuggling in of slaves in large numbers. Of enlightening comment and well developed conclusions, there is a distinct lack. There is no description of the plantation economy in Cuba. The point of view of the author is unusual: he writes of the slave-trade in exactly the same spirit that he would write of the sugar-trade; there is no horror of the traffic, no preaching, no apology, no defense or attack. Throughout the book one finds expressed the author's opinion that for the development of Cuba slave labor was needed and Spain should have allowed unlimited traffic in Africans — an opinion not warranted by the experience of the past nor proved sound by conditions of to-day.

Mr. A. C. Benson's "Tennyson" (Dutton) is written with a threefold object, — "(1) to give a simple narrative of the life of Tennyson, with a sketch of his temperament, character, ideals, and beliefs; (2) I have tried from his own words and writings to indicate what I believe to have been his view of the poetical life and character; (3) I have attempted to touch the chief characteristics of his art from the technical point of view, here again as far as possible using his own recorded words." The book gives us Mr. Benson at his best, lingering in the quiet of his study over the pages of a beloved author, and desiring, as he says, "to share with others an inheritance of pure and deep delight." Nothing new is offered, or attempted, in the brief outline of the poet's life, nor is there anything novel or startling in the discussion of his works and his art; but a quiet sympathy, a genial appreciation, pervades the book and makes it most enjoyable, even inspiring, reading. The author holds with FitzGerald, and with many less critical readers, that Tennyson's early poems were his best, that his "real gift was the lyric gift," and that "while he continued careless of name and fame he served his own ideal best." In charging Tennyson with obscurity in the speeches he puts into the mouths of his characters, as in "The Princess" and the "Idylls" — an obscurity even surpassing that of Browning — he goes too far. Tennyson never throws grammar and syntax to the winds, nor does he make his verse stagger under a load of obscure and unimportant Italian allusion. Some of Tennyson's terse and humorous comments on his brother poets throw gleams of light on the conception he had of his art. Wordsworth, for his lack of fire, seemed to him "thick-ankled"; of Ben Jonson he said, "To me he appears to move in a wide sea of glue"; and Horace's Sapphic stanza, he used to declare, "is like a pig with its tail tightly curled." Mr. Benson's style is, as usual, of so scholarly an

excellence that it is a little disturbing to catch him writing of a "perspicuous critic." Surely, so accomplished a classicist ought not to ignore the distinction between *perspicuus* and *perspicax*. The interspersed comments on Tennyson's metres tend to show what an amazing command of his instrument the poet had. In fact, the whole book sends one back to the poems themselves with increased admiration and renewed zest.

Factors in modern history.

"Factors in Modern History" (Putnam) is the promising though somewhat indefinite title of a recently published volume of lectures by the eminent English historian, Professor A. F. Pollard of the University of London. The author's purpose is, however, not so broad as the title-page would suggest: his aim is to point out and discuss the nature of the forces that directed the course and shaped the events of English history during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the Tudor and Stuart periods. The work is therefore not a history as that word is commonly understood; it is not a re-statement of historic events, but an effort to bring out the significance that lies beneath the ordinary well-known facts of the period under discussion. Among other "factors," the author discusses nationality, the rise of the middle class, the growth of parliamentary independence, the new monarchy, conflicting religious and political ideas, and colonial expansion. On some of these subjects Professor Pollard offers little that is either novel or startling, but in every case the manner of treatment is interesting and suggestive. Of greatest interest is the author's review of the early Tudor period, in which he re-states the conclusions published in his biographies of Cranmer, Henry VIII., and the Protector Somerset. He still holds that while Henry VIII. was only in a minor degree responsible for the Anglican reformation, he was directly responsible for the growth of parliamentary vigor and independence that proved so fatal to the pretensions of the Stuarts. As he reads the records, there was more tyranny, more coercion, more interference with parliamentary freedom, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth than in that of her father. It will interest the reader to note that to emphasize the virtues of the "flexible" British constitution Professor Pollard contrasts it with our own, under which neither House nor ministry "can remove the other; they can only annoy one another, and impede one another's action until the period preordained by the Constitution has elapsed." The work closes with a lecture on the present condition of historic study at the University of London, which is interesting for its own sake, but hardly belongs in a volume devoted to the "factors in modern history." A word should be added in appreciation of the author's literary style: the reviewer recalls no other discussion that brings out the humor of history so freely and so delightfully. Professor Pollard's latest work is one that lovers of history will read with enjoyment as well as with profit.

Eulogy of a self-confessed mountebank.

"I am a natural-born mountebank," frankly declares Mr. Bernard Shaw, and it is this unabashed admission of all that is charged against him that makes him a rather piquantly interesting and oddly amusing figure to contemplate in the brief study of his life and work offered by Mr. Holbrook Jackson, published by Messrs. G. W. Jacobs & Co. Conceiving that the press and the public have failed to understand Mr. Shaw and to take him with sufficient seriousness, Mr. Jackson has presented him, carefully and admirably drawn, in fourfold phase, — "The Man," "The Fabian," "The Playwright," and "The Philosopher." The book is well written, and, in its biographical pages especially, highly entertaining. Its subject is certainly a man of unusual endowments, and is just now making himself heard in tones that men cannot, or will not, shut their ears to. As the author says that Mr. Shaw looks upon himself, not primarily as an artist, but as a philosopher, we need not here pass judgment on his books and plays, but may content ourselves with querying whether his philosophy, despite the attention it is now commanding, will prove to have in it anything of permanent worth. He wakes up the drowsy, and makes them gasp and stare; but (to use the language of pragmatism) new truth, in order to vindicate its claim to be truth at all, must not merely be novel and forward-reaching, but must at the same time be sufficiently in harmony with old and accepted truth to coalesce with it and grow naturally from it. Nature makes no leaps, and your *saltimbanque* is a prodigious leaper. In other words, are we ready to throw overboard the greater number of our cherished ideals, to hold with this new philosopher that "duty is what one should never do," to bow down to the Life-force as the supreme object of our worship, to intermit our homage to courage and justice and fidelity and chastity, and all the other old-fashioned virtues? Shall we cease to demand in our prophets and teachers that modest dignity and self-respecting reserve that seem to us (whether rightly or wrongly) so sadly lacking in the brilliant author of "Man and Superman"? However he may entertain and even stimulate at times, it seems absurd to compare him, as does Mr. Jackson, with Carlyle in his day and with Swift in his.

The most "improvable" world-race.

"The Japanese Nation in Evolution" (Crowell), by Dr. William Elliot Griffis, the well-known writer on Japanese affairs, is a popular *resumé* of the important events in the history of Japan, from the earliest times to the beginning of the present year. The author is conceded to be the best informed American on the subject concerning which he writes. He was the first of that army of foreigners (the number is not less than five thousand) who have been called into the service of Japan in pursuance of the celebrated Charter Oath taken by the Mikado in 1868, his arrival in the flowery kingdom dating back to January, 1871. Dr. Griffis is an enthusiastic admirer of the Japanese, and his story of the growth

of their civilization, to which he has contributed no small share himself, is marked by a spirit of genuine sympathy and good-will. Of the influence exerted by foreigners in Japan, he says, they not only sowed the first seeds of knowledge, but that they created new sciences, inaugurated railroad and telegraph systems, built steamships and lighthouses, and in a thousand ways taught the Japanese how to utilize the forces of nature, develop their national resources, and improve the condition of man. He considers the Japanese the most "improvable" race in Asia, if not in the world. In spirit, body, institutions, mental initiative, and methods of life, they are, Dr. Griffis declares, radically un-Mongolian, and should not be classed as Mongolians; indeed, they refuse to be classed as such. He praises the alliance with Great Britain, and says the Japanese owe the British people more than money for their friendship. Of Japan's position as a world-power, Dr. Griffis writes interestingly. He denies that her statesmen are animated by any policy of aggression, and affirms that her highest ambition is self-preservation.

Astronomy up to date.

Mr. W. W. Bryant, who has charge of the magnetic and meteorological work of the Greenwich Observatory, has written a "History of Astronomy" (Dutton) which is neither so long as to repel a reader whose time is limited, nor so short as to be unsatisfactory. The author has treated the ancient worthies in small compass, and devotes most of his book to a consideration of what has been done in this science during the last fifty years. Before that time, astronomical progress was associated almost entirely with the greatest exponents of the science, and the treatment of the subject is therefore almost necessarily biographical. But during the past fifty years there have been so many worthy workers in various astronomical fields that the biographical treatment of the earlier times is supplemented by a topical one. Here wide and accurate knowledge is shown by the author, who brings the discussion of each topic thoroughly down to date; in one case he inserts some information gained while the book was being printed. The reader is thus led to feel that the presentation is thoroughly modern. Upon disputed topics, like that of the supposed inhabitation of Mars, a conservative opinion is expressed. Thirty-five plates of a high order illustrate the text.

American history from an English point of view.

A new edition of Mr. Frederick Scott Oliver's "Alexander Hamilton, an Essay on American Union" (Putnam) gives opportunity to express renewed appreciation of this study of our Revolutionary and early national history from the English point of view. The author is a careful and judicial student, and the study is valuable in itself; but its chief value comes from the outside treatment of the period that has been most idealized by our own writers. The reader sometimes receives a mild shock when the traditional ideals are treated irreverently; but the

treatment is never flippant. It seems impossible for any American writer to discuss the character and achievements of Hamilton without enthusiastic admiration or violent denunciation, according to the writer's political bias, so positive was Hamilton's character and so striking his achievements. Mr. Oliver is an ardent admirer without partisan prejudices, seeing in Hamilton the guiding intellect in national affairs during the whole period of his activity. Rather scanty weight is allowed even to Washington's influence and initiative.

BRIEFER MENTION.

"Ancient Hebrew Literature," in four volumes, edited by the Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, is a welcome addition to the "Everyman's Library" of the Messrs. Dutton. It is simply an edition of the Old Testament and Apocrypha, the books classified under such heads as law, history, philosophy, and poetry, and printed without artificial division into chapters and verses. The authorized version is the basis of the text, although absolute mistranslations are corrected. This set of volumes, together with the New Testament volume edited for the same series by Principal Lindsay, gives us a complete Bible that may be read as another book, with eyes unwearyed by the typographical devices that make hard reading of the Scriptures in the ordinary form of publication.

A new volume has been added to the late Philip Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," the labor of carrying on the work having been undertaken by his son, Dr. David S. Schaff. The special period of this volume is the Middle Ages, and, with another volume now in press, the work will be brought down to the Reformation. Thus the lacuna left in the history by Philip Schaff's death will be filled, and the continuous history, in eight volumes, will be available for study and reference. Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons are the publishers of this, as of the preceding volumes.

"A Book of Quotations, Proverbs, and Household Words," edited by Mr. W. Gurney Benham, is a stout volume of more than twelve hundred pages, published by the J. B. Lippincott Co. It is described as "a collection of what is quotable, as well as of what is quoted." The first third of the book is given up to quotations from individual authors; then we have groups of quotations under various miscellaneous categories, and then nearly three hundred pages of quotations from foreign languages, ancient and modern. An extensive selection of proverbs follows, and an elaborate verbal index completes the work. We know no other book of the kind that contains so much matter, and we can heartily recommend it as an addition to the reference shelf.

"Narratives of Early Virginia" is a new volume in the series of "Original Narratives of Early American History," published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons. It is appropriately and intelligently edited by the President of the oldest of Virginia colleges, Dr. Lyon Gardiner Tyler. Selections from the doughty John Smith fill about two-thirds of the volume; the remaining contents include narratives and letters by George Percy, Lord De-la-Ware, Don Diego de Molina, Father Biard, John Rafe, and John Pory. The period covered is that from the first settlement to the dissolution of the Company in 1624 by the aggrieved monarch.

NOTES.

The J. B. Lippincott Co. publish a new edition of Mr. J. W. Clark's "Cambridge," a very readable book with many illustrations.

Trollope's "John Caldigate," in two volumes, is now added by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. to their "Manor House" edition of the novelist.

"A First Course in the Differential and Integral Calculus," by Professor William F. Osgood, is a college text-book just published by the Macmillan Co.

"Forage Crops for Soiling, Silage, Hay, and Pasture," by Dr. Edward B. Voorhees, is now published by the Macmillan Co. as a volume in their useful "Rural Science Series."

"Water-Lilies and How to Grow Them," by Messrs. Henry S. Conard and Henri Hus, is the latest addition to the "Garden Library" of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. issue a new edition of Auerbach's "On the Heights," as translated by Mr. Simon Adler Stern, and first published over thirty years ago.

"Golden Thoughts from the Gospels" and "Golden Thoughts from Sir Thomas Browne," the latter edited by Mr. Herbert Ives, are two pretty booklets published by the John Lane Co.

"The Human Harvest," by Dr. David Starr Jordan, is a small but weighty book published by the American Unitarian Association. It contains two addresses, the titular essay, and the essay called "The Blood of the Nation," which appeared some years ago.

"Montaigne" is the subject of a new volume of "French Classics for English Readers," as published by the Messrs. Putnam. The editor is Professor Adolphe Cohn, who has selected the essays from Florio's translation, and contributed the usual introduction.

"The Great Galleries of Europe" is the title of a series of booklets started by the H. M. Caldwell Co. They are books of pictures with practically no text, and the subjects of the four now issued are the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the National Gallery, and the Tate Gallery.

What is probably the most desirable edition of Poe's poems is offered by the volume which forms a part of the edition of Poe's works, in ten volumes, edited by Messrs. Stedman and Woodberry a dozen years ago. The volume of the poems is now published separately by Messrs. Duffield & Co.

Books about the music-dramas of Richard Wagner multiply apace. We now have "The Wagnerian Romances," by Miss Gertrude Hall, who simply tells the stories, and, for some curious reason, tells them in the reverse of their chronological order. The John Lane Co. publish this book. From Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. we have "The Story of the Ring," by Mr. S. H. Hamer, a book which merely analyzes the plot, and illustrates it in musical notation.

We have frequently made mention of Mr. Albert F. Calvert's "Spanish Series" of illustrated guides to the treasures of Spanish Art. Two new volumes, "Toledo" and "Granada and the Alhambra," have just been added to the series, volumes of unusual thickness, and remarkable for the amount of descriptive and illustrative material they provide for a small price. Each of these volumes, in addition to the text, contains about five hundred full-page photographic plates. The series is published by the John Lane Co.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 180 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

- Autobiography of Oliver Otis Howard**, Major General U. S. Army. In 2 vols., with portraits, large 8vo, gilt tops. Baker & Taylor Co. \$5. net.
- Wordsworth and his Circle**. By David Watson Rannie. Illus., large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 360. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75 net.
- Memoirs of the Comtesse de Boigne: 1815-1819**. Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoulaud. Vol. II., with portrait, 8vo, gilt top, pp. 375. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50 net.
- The Queen of Letter-Writers: Marquise de Sévigné, 1636-1696**. By Janet Aldis. With frontispiece, large 8vo, gilt top, pp. 313. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.75 net.
- Innocent the Great: An Essay on his Life and Times**. By C. H. C. Pirie-Gordon. Large 8vo, pp. 273. Longmans, Green & Co. \$3. net.
- A Tuscan Childhood**. By Lisi Cipriani. 12mo, pp. 269. Century Co. \$1.25 net.
- David Libbey: Penobscot Woodsman and River-driver**. By Fannie H. Eckstorm. 16mo, gilt top, pp. 110. "True American Types." Boston: American Unitarian Association. 50 cts. net.

HISTORY.

- Economic History of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century: An Inquiry into the Material Condition of the People, Based upon Original and Contemporaneous Records**. By Philip Alexander Bruce. In 2 vols., 8vo, gilt tops. Macmillan Co. \$5. net.
- Narrative of Early Virginia: 1606-1625**. Edited by Lyon Gardiner Tyler. With map, large 8vo, pp. 478. "Original Narratives of Early American History." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3. net.
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- British Colonial Policy: 1754-1765**. By George Louis Beer. Large 8vo, uncut, pp. 327. Macmillan Co. \$2. net.
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- History of the People of the Netherlands**. By Petrus Johannes Blok. Part IV., Frederick Henry, John De Witt, William III.; trans. by Oscar A. Bierstadt. Large 8vo, with map, gilt top, pp. 556. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.
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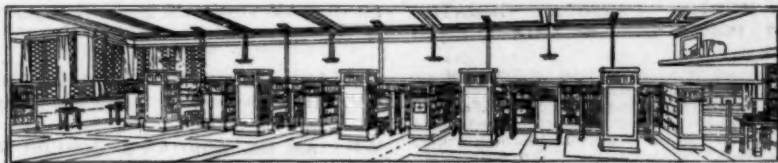
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